

Dream

Misery

I've tried to avoid
it figuring if you're
careful you could.
But it's built in.
Like death ... except
it comes knocking first
like a brash young
salesman who knows he's
backed by the richest
company in the world.

I don't know how I got
there or where I was.
There were thatch huts
with shaded patios
& dirt floors.
People laughed at me
& pushed me around.
I didn't understand
or know what to do.
I don't remember how
but I started to exercise.
There was a key
to exercising properly.
You had to do it
just right to release
& control the "combinations."
It was too hard.
I knew I'd never do it.
But with endless practice
the exercise became
second nature &
I caught on.
I gained control of space
& objects around me.
To demonstrate I picked
up a tiny piece of broken
pottery & tossed it
sidarm into the air.
It turned into a large
white bird & flew
gracefully away....

-- Phil Weidman

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Each To His Season

The poet pens delicate haiku
to the plum blossoms.

The peasant gathers ripe plums
in a coarse hand-woven basket.

Each to his season:
The poet and the peasant are one!

What is this on my tongue:
blossom song or plum jelly?